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Desiderio Desideravi

Come to me, sweet Jesus,
Sacrament confest!
Come—to ease the longing,
Of my panting breast.

Ne'er did hart to living
Stream, so swiftly flee,
As my heart, this morning
Hastes, dear Lord, to Thee.

Here Thou art no longer
King of heaven and earth;
Here depart the traces
E'en of human birth.

Humbly here Thou stayest,
Food for sinners' sake;
Here Thou art a free-loaf,
Hungry hands may take.

Come, my soul is fainting,
Weighed with sin and care;
Brace my weakness, and my
Failing strength repair.

Mind and heart, and body,
Gavest Thou to me;
Take them back from me, Lord,
Make me like to Thee.

All my joys and sorrows,
Greet Thee here, and meet;
Make false joy be bitter,
Make true sorrow sweet.

Friends are not so faithful,
As in story told;
Oft 'tis hard to tell, Lord,
Brass from solid gold.

Oft I am misjudged, in
Ev'ry deed and word;
Thou canst understand me,
Thou art human, Lord.

Hence, my love I plight Thee,
For eternity.
Other friends will fail me,
Lord, I'll cling to Thee.

—Lawrence Skinner, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

During a breathing spell in his work Father Casey had run down to the home town to pay one of his brief visits to his dear old mother, and by an unusual stroke of good luck, he had found Uncle Tim there too. I said, "by a stroke of good luck"; it would be more Christian and more in accordance with truth to say, "by a kind dispensation of Providence", "by a special answer to prayer", for Mrs. Casey had been praying for just such a quiet meeting between her son, Father Casey, and her brother, Mr. Timothy Corrigan, the steamboat engineer, who had not been to the sacraments for years.

Father Casey's task was an easy one, for the old man had strong faith, a good kind heart, and generous affection for his nephew and namesake. Mrs. Casey in the next room heard him say:

"Timothy, I'll go to Confession to *you*. Give me till morning, and then I'll be ready for you."

And she heard her son reply:

"Uncle Tim, I haven't faculties in this diocese, so you see I can't hear you myself, but I'll bring you down to the parish church when I go to say Mass in the morning, and the pastor will hear your Confession. You'll find him as good as gold."

The sailor agreed and went to his chamber to thumb the list of sins in a well worn "Mission Book" until the wee sma' hours, while Father Casey entered the next room to bid his mother good night.

Mrs. Casey hastily wiped away a tear with a corner of her apron, but not hastily enough to keep her son from seeing that she had been weeping. At first sight he thought they were tears of joy over the return of her negligent brother, but the pained look on her kindly old face soon disabused him.

"Mother dear," he cried in alarm, throwing his arm around her, "what does this mean? What has happened? Why are you crying?"

She tried to pass it off as nothing and began to tell him how happy she was that uncle was going to Confession in the morning, but Father Casey would not be satisfied until she had made a clean breast of her troubles.

"Timothy, Timothy," she cried at last, bursting into tears afresh, "what have you done that you cannot hear Confessions like other

priests? I thought my boy was so good and so learned that he could do more than any priest in the world, and just now I heard you tell your uncle that you can't hear Confessions in this diocese. Even the little assistant who was ordained less than a year ago can hear Confessions here—and you cannot! What have you done that you have been forbidden to perform your priestly work?"

"O Mother," he cried, greatly relieved, "may all your worries be as groundless as this one! It is true that I am not so good as you have thought me—not one-tenth so good. I am full of faults; but, by the help of God's grace, I have been guilty of nothing unworthy of my priestly dignity! My ecclesiastical superiors have ever declared themselves pleased with my conduct, and they cease not to show me extraordinary marks of esteem."

"Then why have they forbidden you to hear Confessions? Tell me, Timothy," she pleaded, "and set my mind at ease."

"Why, mother, no one has forbidden me. I simply have no faculties to hear Confessions in this diocese. Since I do not live in this diocese I have no use for faculties here, and therefore I have never asked for them."

"But," she persisted, "you are a priest, and sure every priest can hear Confessions unless he's forbidden."

"On the contrary," replied her son, "no priest can hear Confessions unless he has obtained faculties to do so."

"Faculties? What do you mean by faculties?" There was a note of triumph in her voice. She knew now that her fears had been groundless, that her idol had been untouched. But she persisted in her questioning for the joy she felt in listening to her son.

"Ah, mother," he returned in a bantering tone, "by that question you have condemned yourself to listen to a catechetical instruction longer than any you ever gave me when I was a boy."

He settled himself on the footstool before her with his arm resting on her lap just as he had done so many a time for his catechism lesson in childhood. How much they resembled each other, these two! Though one was a man in the fulness of his strength and the other a woman old and grey and worn by labors and sorrows. It would have been hard to say which derived the keener enjoyment from these explanations of Catholic doctrine, he in giving them to her, or she in receiving them from him:

"What dear delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inmost deeps,
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows!"

"Order," Father Casey was saying, "is heaven's first law. To preserve order in an organization of any kind there must be regulations showing each individual his place and obliging him to keep it. If this is true of every organization it is especially true of the Church with its three hundred million members and more, distributed over the whole world. Order is secured in the Church principally by dividing the world into dioceses and parishes and placing a bishop or priest in charge of each. These bishops and priests are held responsible for the souls in their territory, and other bishops and priests are forbidden to intrude. If a bishop would wish to administer the sacrament of Confirmation or Holy Orders in the diocese of another bishop, he would be obliged to obtain permission. If a priest would wish to administer the sacraments of Baptism or Extreme Unction in the parish of another priest, he would be obliged to obtain permission. Should they neglect to obtain the required permission they would commit a sin—the sin of usurping the right of another. However, the sacraments they administered would be valid. But the sacrament of Confession—here is the point I was driving at—the sacrament of Confession is different from all the other sacraments. If a priest or even a bishop would administer the sacrament of Confession outside of his own territory without authorization or, if a priest who was not a pastor would administer the sacrament of Confession anywhere without authorization, that Confession would be, not only illicit, but actually null and void."

"Sure then, a priest is only a half priest until he is made a parish priest or a bishop. Do you know, Timothy, I had always believed a priest got the power to give us the sacraments when he was ordained, not when he was appointed to a parish."

"What you always believed, mother, is correct. A priest is a whole priest the moment he is ordained. It is in ordination that he receives the power to administer the sacraments. However, for the sake of good order he must get special authorization before he exercises this power. Should he presume to use this power without authorization,

the other sacraments would be illicit but valid, while the sacrament of Confession would be not only illicit but invalid."

"Why would Confession be invalid more than any of the other sacraments?"

"On account of the very nature of the Sacrament of Confession," replied Father Casey. "Confession has the nature of a criminal trial. The penitent is both the criminal and the accusing witness. The priest is the judge. He must listen to the testimony and then pass sentence in the name of Christ whose place he holds. If he finds the penitent worthy, he will impose a punishment in the form of a penance and pronounce the sentence of pardon in the name of Christ; if he finds the penitent unworthy, he will suspend sentence until he receives proof of worthiness. Now, mother, you know that the judge of this County has the full powers of a judge, yet if he were to try and pass sentence upon a criminal who was not under his jurisdiction, his sentence would be set aside as null and void. In like manner, the priest in holy Ordination receives the full powers of judge of souls, but nevertheless if he attempts to use that power in regard to persons over whom he has no jurisdiction, his sentence will be set aside as null and void; in other words, if he hears Confessions in any place where he has no faculties, these Confessions will be invalid. By virtue of their office, the Pope has jurisdiction over every Christian in the world, the Bishop over everybody in his diocese, the parish priest over everybody in his parish, and the religious superior over everybody in his monastery."

"And have other priests no jurisdiction?" asked his mother. "Can't they hear Confession at all?"

"Other priests have no jurisdiction of their own. They may get *delegated* jurisdiction. The Pope could give them jurisdiction for every place in the world, the bishop for every place in his diocese."

"Then why," queried Mrs. Casey, "don't all the priests get it from the Pope so they could hear Confessions wherever they go? If you had done that you wouldn't have to send your uncle to the parish priest for Confession. You could hear him yourself."

"Priests don't get delegated jurisdiction from the Pope for every place in the world, for the simple reason that the Pope won't give it to them."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Casey.

"Rather, how wise and prudent!" corrected her son. "There is

nothing that shows better the deep personal interest the Church takes in the welfare of souls than her care in granting faculties for Confession. The hearing of Confessions is, in a way, the most difficult and momentous work of the priest. When all priests hear Confessions well they constitute an immense power for good. Only a Divine Mind could have conceived such an efficacious means for directing our faltering, erring footsteps along the way that leads to heaven. But to hear Confessions well a priest must have learning; he must know the natural law, the divine positive law, and the laws made by God's Church, whether for the whole world or for particular times and places. No one can know these laws in all their bearings unless he makes a continual study of them. To hear Confessions well a priest must have prudence: he must be able to see how all these laws apply to individuals with their infinitely diversified characters, in their infinitely diversified circumstances. To hear Confessions well the priest must, above all, have piety: only the truly pious priest will pray enough to obtain from God the charity and firmness and mercy and patience and self-sacrifice required for this God-like work.

"Now, mother, you can easily see that it would be impossible for the Pope to know whether all the priests have the necessary learning and prudence and piety. Therefore he does not, as a rule, give them faculties for Confession. He leaves this to each bishop in his own diocese. The bishop must carefully examine the fitness of each priest before giving him faculties. When a bishop appears before Jesus Christ as his judge, he will have to give a most strict account for every priest whom he has commissioned to hear Confessions in his diocese.

"The wisdom of the Church in leaving this matter to the bishop," continued Father Casey, "is further seen when we remember that a different degree of learning, prudence and piety may be required in different places. A priest might be well able, for instance, to decide what is right and what is wrong in the conduct of upright, simple country people, but unable to do so in regard to the complicated commercial transactions of business men in a great city. Each bishop knows the circumstances of his own diocese. He is the best judge as to when a priest is fitted to hear Confession with profit within its limits. That is why a parish priest cannot validly hear Confessions outside of his own parish, and other priests cannot hear Confessions at all, until both the one and the others have first asked and obtained faculties from the bishop."

"Father O'Brien, the parish priest of the next parish, often comes down to help our priest with Confessions. Must he write to the bishop for faculties each time?" asked Mrs. Casey.

"No, he need not ask each time, because it is customary for bishops, at least in this country, to give faculties for the whole diocese to the priests who are permanently working in the diocese. You know my parish is not in this diocese; that is why the bishop has not given me faculties here."

"The two Redemptorists that preached the holy mission here last fall did not live in the diocese," said Mrs. Casey. "They heard Confessions night and day. Do you suppose that they had to go to the bishop for faculties?"

"Undoubtedly they had. However, on an extraordinary occasion like that of a mission, confessors have fuller faculties than those ordinarily given to the priests of the diocese. Therefore they can absolve even from reserved sins."

"What do you mean by reserved sins?"

"There are certain sins that are so bad in themselves or so dangerous to public morality that they must be rooted out at all costs. The bishop finds that some priests might absolve from these sins too easily, or without sufficiently impressing upon the mind of the penitent their heinousness. The bishop reserves the absolution of these sins to himself. That is, he says to his priests: 'I give you faculties for all sins except these.' Thus, for example, the atrocious crime of murdering unborn children is in many dioceses a sin reserved by the bishop."

"Can't the priest forgive people who have committed one of these reserved sins?"

"No, he must tell the penitent to go to the bishop. If the penitent finds it too hard to go to the bishop, then, with the penitent's permission, the priest himself may go to the bishop and ask for faculties to absolve in that single case. Then the penitent will have to come back a second time, listen to the admonitions that the bishop has ordered the priest to give, and receive absolution.

"Besides reserving certain sins," continued Father Casey, "the bishop may reserve certain persons. For example, he does not generally give faculties to all the priests of the diocese to hear the Confessions of sisters. He chooses certain priests who understand well how to direct those chosen souls and help them to attain the sanctity

to which they are called, and appoints these priests to be the regular confessors of the sisters of the diocese. So you see, mother, thanks to the prudent watchfulness of Holy Mother Church, the priest's power of hearing Confessions is by no means so general as you had thought."

"Timothy," said his mother, abstractedly stroking his hair as had been her wont in bygone days, "whenever you spent the night here I always used to console myself with the thought: if I should die suddenly tonight my own son would be here to prepare me to meet my Judge. And—I hope it wasn't wrong—I used to wish sometimes that death would come to me suddenly while you were in the house. What a mistake I made! You couldn't even hear my Confession, could you?"

"Mother, dear," he replied, drawing down her head and kissing her wrinkled forehead, "I hope that God will spare you to me for many a long year to come. But if it is a comfort for you to think that, were you to die while I was in the house, you would have me near to help you, you may still console yourself with this thought. Mother, I know that you love me. Oh, how many proofs you have given me of your love! But not even you can love your son as Holy Mother Church loves each one of her children. Here is an example of her love: When a Catholic is in danger of death, and no approved confessor is present, she, by a universal law, gives unlimited faculties to any priest, no matter who he may be, to hear the Confession of that dying person. Even though he were a fallen priest, an apostate from the faith, a bitter enemy of the Church, nevertheless she gives him faculties for the sake of her dying child. Thus she shows that nothing—not even her honor—will be allowed to stand in the way of giving to her children the consolation of the sacraments in the dread hour of death."

"My son," replied his mother, "the more I listen to your explanations of Catholic doctrine, the more I thank God for my holy faith."

"And the more I study and reflect upon Catholic doctrine, the more I thank God for the mother that took such pains to teach me my holy faith," said Father Casey.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

For all that any human being knows, the destiny of the nation may be hanging in the balance on election day. True Christian patriots will not neglect to say a daily prayer that the God of Wisdom may direct the people's choice.

A FRIEND IN NEED

St. Mark V, 21-43.

A beautiful testimony: "And when Jesus had passed again in the ship over the strait." Our Lord had spent some time on the eastern shore of Lake Genesareth. There He had freed the man possessed by a devil; there it was that the devil asked leave to enter into the swine and the herd was carried headlong into the sea; there it was that the inhabitants came out and asked Him to depart from their coast. In spite of all this, the last words that ring in our ears are: "And all men wondered."

So He embarked in one of the fishing boats and sailed for the western shores. In a few hours the passage was made and the boat was beached on the busy waterfront of Bethsaida. Probably He would have gone on to Capharnaum, but He is detained. "A great multitude assembled together unto Him, and He was nigh unto the sea." What a contrast! On the eastern shore men had been glad to be rid of Him; they resented the loss of their swine; they preferred their selfish, earthly interests to His presence. And are they the only ones? How many hearts are closed to Him just for love of gold and earth, just because they resent the loss of some wretched pleasures! On the western shore all eagerly gather around Him. It must have been with genuine satisfaction that Our Lord received them. Lose time? First claim a little rest? No trace of it. We cannot detect the slightest evidence of dejection or moodiness in consequence of His enforced departure from the land of the Gerasenes. He is kind and gentle as ever. We cannot afford to lose the valuable remark which St. Luke inserts into his story: "The multitude received Him, for they were all waiting for Him." The lake was swarming with the boats of the fishermen, and probably some swifter sail had glided over beforehand and brought the tidings of His arrival. We have heard how even the cold and worldly-minded Gerasenes were compelled to wonder at His miraculous powers. But how were the people of Capharnaum impressed? They could observe Him more constantly and at closer range. Their conduct speaks for itself: "They were waiting for Him." For them He was the very center of interest: of Him they thought and spoke in His absence. Every message about Him goes straight to their hearts. Hardly was His coming announced when all hurry down to the well-known landing place to welcome Him home. Surely a touching and beautiful testimony to their love for Him. Perhaps it is with a pang of remorse that we compare ourselves with them. Many a time in the springtime when Our Lady's month had come with its flowers and sunshine, we heard the bells telling us in the quiet evening hours: Come, it is time for Benediction; Our Lord is here! And we only shrugged our shoulders. Many a time in our balmy Indian summer we heard those bells announcing the October devotion, inviting us to come to Our Lord awhile, and we only shrugged our shoulders again. Many a time Sunday came or one of the beautiful feasts with which our Catholic year is dotted, and the children were dressed in their very best attire and seemed so happy that we had to envy them; they were going to Communion, they were going to meet Our Lord. And we only shrugged our shoulders again and preferred the humdrum monotony of our lonely hearts. However, Our Lord felt and returned their affection. On that shore, amid the fisherfolk, with nets and oars and implements of labor strewn around, there, with the laboring man and the poor, Our Lord stopped and spoke as usual of His kingdom.

Ever willing to help: "And there cometh one of the rulers of the synagogue, named Jairus." There must have been quite a stir in the crowd! Men looked and wondered, but soon guessed the truth of the

matter, for he was a well-known person, and it was no secret that sickness had paid a dread visit in his home. Long had he stood by the bed-side of his child. Medical aid was sought and all in vain.

At last he comes to Jesus: his sorrow weighs like lead upon his stalwart frame and grief is written in his face. Instinctively the crowd makes way for him in pity and respect. His name is recorded: Jairus. It was on the lips of every man, woman, and child of the neighborhood. He was a ruler of the synagogue! Sabbath for Sabbath, and oftentimes in the course of the week, did they look up to him with veneration as the head of the religious community. He it was who directed and presided over all their services. It was his office to invite competent persons to read the scriptures and to preach (Acts XIII, 15). He had to secure quiet and order when all were assembled (Luke XIII, 14). All were well aware of the keen opposition to Our Lord on the part of the Pharisees. And here was this ruler of the synagogue! How will he address Jesus? "Seeing Him, he falleth down at His feet." We might be surprised that a Magdalen kneels at His feet; but that a ruler of the synagogue should thus humble himself almost passes belief. Infidels sometimes deride our faith on the score that no scientist can be a believer. But that is an ancient trick. The Pharisees used to speak in a similar strain: "Hath any one of the rulers believed in Him, or of the Pharisees? But this multitude that knoweth not the law is accursed" (St. John VII, 48). The least inquiry will soon bring to light the fact that some of the greatest scientists were, and still are, believers. And so, too, in the days of Our Lord, we shall see that there were some rulers of the synagogues who were led to faith by Him. The earnestness of his pleading proves his faith: "And he besought Him much." Not only a simple request, not merely a few words mumbled offhand; but fervent prayer with all the vigor that love and sorrow can inspire. He forgot the curious crowds around; he remembered only his grief; while he saw the Saviour before him. "My daughter is at the point of death, come, lay Thy hands upon her that she may be safe and live." St. Luke explains: "For he had an only daughter, almost twelve years old, and she was dying." All the warm love and ardent hopes of father and mother were centered on this their only and their darling child. Still so young, she was innocent and pure; and yet possessed those winning, childish ways that are often lost all too soon. Oft had he seen Our Lord heal the sick by imposing hands on them, by simply touching them, by merely uttering a single word. How eagerly he must have looked up into Our Saviour's face! Would he come to help? But how can we doubt? "And He went with him; and a great multitude followed Him and they thronged around Him." How easily and truthfully could He have pointed to the crowd around Him who needed instruction! Were we in His place we might have censured the intruder for his untimely interruption, and bidden him to wait a while. But Our Lord? He arose immediately. And nowadays how many a father goes about his daily work with some heavy sorrow in his heart; and will not come to Our Lord!

So anxious to help. Deep down in the ruler's heart He saw how feeble was his faith; glimmering only as a tiny spark which the slightest shock would extinguish. And yet he must have faith. How will Our Lord instruct him? How will He supply this supreme condition? The very effort He makes shows how anxious He is to work the miracle. He is not only merciful but delicate and graceful in His mercy.

He might have caused Jairus to blush as a blundering schoolboy, had He given him so elementary a lesson there, before the surging mass of bystanders. To spare him this confusion, Jesus prefers to work another stupendous miracle on the way. In that crowd was the woman "who was under an issue of blood twelve years." She touched the hem of His garment and was cured. Surely the ruler of the synagogue was intelligent enough to recognize the miracle, and his faith must have been strengthened. But Our Lord was careful to drive the

lesson home unmistakably; and, turning to the woman, He said to her: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole." Such tenderness was sorely needed, for the ruler's faith was to be put to a severer trial. "And while He was yet speaking some came from the ruler of the synagogue's house saying: Thy daughter is dead, why dost thou trouble the Master any further?" They evidently had no faith in Our Lord, and thought it a hopeless case now. How easily could their infidelity infect the heartbroken father! Grief, deep-seated prejudice, his soul long racked by agonizing pangs, all now leagued together to overthrow his faith. Even now Our Lord's anxiety to help appears again: "But having heard the word that was spoken, He saith to the ruler of the synagogue: Fear not, only believe." He does not allow the message of her death to reach her father before his faith was somewhat better prepared for the shock by the miracle wrought on behalf of the woman. He does not hasten to his home before her death, that a miracle more splendid may win him to the faith all the more securely. The wonders worked among the common people were despised by the proud Pharisees. Now when a miracle was to be wrought in favor of one of their own number, and a miracle so striking as this resuscitation from the dead, it might succeed in softening their obstinate hearts. Poor father, hope had revived when the Saviour so willingly rose to follow him; and now all was cruelly dashed to the ground! But sweet was the solace which Jesus now held out to him: Only believe; her life lies in your own hands; just believe and she will live. It is a new form of His favorite axiom: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth (St. Mark IX, 22).

Nothing can disconcert him. The momentary lull caused by the arrival of the messengers, their whisper to the ruler and his consequent gloom, was soon broken by a murmur of mingled sympathy and interest. And when Our Lord again proceeded on His way, all pressed after Him with profound emotion. In a little while they reach the house of mourning. All were eager to crowd into it, but "He admitted not anyone to follow Him, but Peter, and James, and John the brother of James."

The house was already thronged to its fullest capacity with relatives and friends and sympathizers and curious sight-seers. "And they come to the house of the ruler of the synagogue and he seeth a tumult, and people weeping and wailing much." The family was wealthy and highly esteemed and we need not wonder that so many came to offer their condolence. They came through genuine sorrow and wept sincerely. But there were others whom St. Matthew calls "the minstrels." These were hired mourners. A glance at the pictures and drawings still preserved show how the ancient Egyptians lamented their dead. "Their burial services were not like ours of today: subdued and silent, even tears almost forbidden to trickle down our cheek in public. They demanded sobs and groans, frantic gestures, noise and display. Weeping women were hired of set purpose whose business and profession it was to stimulate heart-rending sorrow; they tore their hair and filled the air with piercing shrieks." Even among the Arabs of today such ceremonies are still in vogue: women sob and cry, and scratch their faces till they drip with blood. All through the literature of Israel we hear the plaintive note of the mourners' dirge. Holy Writ, however, insisted on moderation: "My son shed tears over the dead, and begin to lament as if thou hadst suffered, and according to judgment cover his body and neglect not his burial. And for fear of being ill spoken of, weep bitterly for a day, and then comfort thyself in thy sadness" (Eccli. XXXVIII, 16). St. Paul also exhorts Christians not to weep for their dead in the same extravagant manner as "those who have no hope." Our Lord entered this house, and His first words startled all into sudden silence: "Why make you this ado and weep? The damsel is not dead but sleepeth. And they laughed Him to scorn." Why such grief when the Saviour is near? She is asleep: for God's power will soon restore her to life, as easily as a child is roused from slumber. So He spoke of Lazarus, already four days in the tomb: "Lazarus our friend

sleepeth: but I go that I may awake him out of sleep." But the mourners laughed; laughed outright; not merely an incredulous laugh, but contemptuous and derisive. Such is the sympathy of the world: torrents of words are poured into our ears and a moment after, men go to make merry again and leave us to our grief. How that laugh must grate on one's feelings: laugh, in the very presence of the anguished parents; laugh, in full view of the corpse; laugh, when they themselves were doomed to die; laugh, in the presence of Him who was to be their Judge! That same laugh will be repeated with diabolic cruelty when Christ will hang on the cross of Mount Calvary. When the sword of persecution is flashing, that laugh will mock the martyrs' agony. In his first epistle St. Peter must comfort the Christians amid persecution; and in his second epistle, shortly afterward, he strengthens them against the sneers of "deceitful scoffers." Later on the pagan, Lucian, ridicules martyrdom in his popular farces. His friend, the philosopher Celsus, travesties the doctrines of the church as "ridiculous mysteries, contemptible and impossible." So through all the ages until the apish simpering of a Voltaire and the haughty smile of pretended science in our day. But laughter cannot disconcert Our Lord. He has come to help, and help He will. St. Luke tells us why they laughed: "knowing that she was dead." It brings out the certainty of the miracle. How carefully the distinction is observed between her sickness and her death. When the father comes she is only nigh unto death. Then come the messengers bringing news of her death: they come from the house and must have examined all; they were not women, but men. Thus the news of her death is not due to an anxious father or distracted mother, but to strangers who could look into matters coolly and calmly. All preparations are made for the funeral; even the mourners were hired: they are familiar with death and they are sure now. But let the laugh of the scoffer and the pitiless scythe of death join in unholy alliance,—Christ is mightier than all.

Magnificent is His help. "But He having put them all out, taketh the father and the mother of the damsel, and them that were with Him, and entereth in where the damsel was lying." A miracle is something sacred and holy. When all nature bows in homage before its God, in homage so extraordinary and stupendous, it is fitting that man should attend in reverent and respectful mind. No wonder He ordered the laughers out. "Give not that which is holy to the dogs; neither cast ye your pearls before the swine, lest perhaps they trample them under their feet, and turning upon you they tear you" (Mt. VII, 6).

So when Our Lord performed miracles under their very eyes, they railed at Him as a partner of Beelzebub; when He raised Lazarus to life, they decreed His death; and today writers such as Renan appeal to His miracles as proof palpable that He posed as a mild sort of Fakir. He admitted the parents, for sorrow had chastened their hearts and the fragrance of earnest prayer adorned them with all the charms of humility. A few hours ago the mother had closed those eyelids and showered her farewell kisses on those cheeks. The father looked on her and mused: How changed! Only death could close those eyes that used to sparkle with joy as he drew near; Death had laid his finger on those lips that used to smile a welcome to him. Will she rise no more? "And taking the damsel by the hand He saith to her: Damsel, I say to thee arise! And immediately she rose up and walked." He said that she was only asleep and He is ready to prove it. It was a moment for serious reflection. Once He had faced the populace of Jerusalem with the solemn warning: "For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and giveth life; so the Son also giveth life to whom He will (St. John V, 21). No, that was not an idle boast; and it concerns us personally. We, too, shall one day sleep in death; and there shall be a similar awakening for us, too. "Wonder not at this, for the hour cometh wherein all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that have done good things, shall come forth unto the resurrection of life; but they

that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment (St. John V, 28-29). He spoke the word, and the corpse moved, their daughter lived. How her parents must have stared, scarce believing their eyes. Rooted to the ground and helpless with stupor they could lend her no assistance. She stood up from the bed; she walked about the room; there was no loophole for doubt. In spite of the trappings of sorrow, in spite of the white grave-cloths, in spite of the awful bier, she was their own once more. Perhaps He, too, smiled on that happy reunion.

Unselfish in His help. "And He charged them strictly that no man should know it; and commanded that something should be given her to eat." For Himself He sought no recognition, nor applause. Of course the fact could not be suppressed for a long time; but He could depart without an ovation from the crowds.

So He may have gone away, gone through the crowds who were yet ignorant of the miracle; and received their sneers and sarcasms. He did not wish the parents to rush out into the streets, and amid the bustle of question and answer and noisy explanations, forget the great debt of gratitude they owed to God. Rather be happy at home. The little banquet would prove how complete was her return to life, it would banish more effectively those spectres of gloom that had so long haunted their home. Gladly would He bless many a home, if only fathers would come to Him, and ask Him for it.

JOHN ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

DEEP CALLETH UPON DEEP

(Translated from the French of B. M. in the *Revue du Cœur Eucharistique*.)

If you were to ask of those whom you happen to meet: what are you seeking? and if these would answer sincerely, you would often hear the reply: I am seeking a heart, a heart that can understand my heart, a heart that can receive that of which mine overflows, a heart that can support the weaknesses of mine, a heart that can fill up the empty void in my heart. But do people find that which they are seeking? Alas! here below how many deceptions—deceptions so much the more bitter as the need is the more real. . . . And why are these deceptions so general? why do they repeat themselves day after day? . . . Because to most of them who have sought and have not found, these words of St. Augustine could be addressed: "Miserable one, where are you going? The good you seek for can be found in God alone". But tell me: can we find God here on this earth? Is He near? Aye, He is in our very midst, really and truly present in the Most Blessed Sacrament. Ah! there in the Tabernacle dwells on earth the Word made flesh. There and there alone you will find on earth the heart of which yours has need. There is the heart which

understands all the mysteries of our heart. There is the heart always ready to receive that of which ours overflows; a Heart which does not close at the sight of our shortcomings, a Heart whose goodness, whose infinite loveliness is so great that it suffices for the love of all hearts!

Oh! why, then, are there so many souls to be found who know not of the existence of the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, why so many souls who know its existence full well but seem to be ignorant of the treasures it contains? Must we not attribute to this fatal ignorance the despair which, so to speak, has taken hold of certain souls and makes them, as it were, drag along the weight of their existence? They are continually seeking; sometimes they seem to have found the object of their search and for a moment they think they can rest, but no sooner have they found, as they believe, the support of their weakness, when it slips out of their grasp. . . . Poor victims of bitter illusion! They begin anew their search, only to fall a prey to some new deception. Thus they spend their lives between two mysteries which they cannot explain: on the one hand, the mystery of the needs of the heart, and, on the other hand, the mystery of the objects necessary to satisfy the heart yearning for love, yearning for peace.

It is of this double mystery we desire to converse with our pious readers, by bringing home to them that if the heart of man is an abyss, the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is another such abyss and that they are both so called because the one is made for the other: deep calleth upon deep, as the Psalmist expresses it (Ps. 41, 8).

The heart of man is an abyss of suffering and the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is an abyss of compassion; the heart of man is an abyss of weakness and the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is an abyss of strength; the heart of man is an abyss of love which no creature can fill up, and the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is an abyss of loveliness in which all love must find its rest and happiness.

Let us develop these three thoughts and it will appear with what justice is applied to these two hearts the words of the Psalmist: "Behold, deep calleth upon deep" (Ps. 41, 8).

I. THE ABYSS OF WEAKNESS CALLETH UPON THE ABYSS OF STRENGTH.

We give the name abyss to that depth which apparently cannot be filled up by any human ingenuity. It is in this sense that the heart of man is called an abyss of suffering. Consider all the sufferings that

enter into the human heart. . . . There are physical sufferings which extend only to the body; of these we are not speaking. We speak now of those which have their seat in the soul and which oftentimes torture the heart to such a degree that it is rendered incapable of performing its ordinary functions. See the widow of Naim, walking behind the bier of her only son; where was the suffering of this woman? In the depth of her heart: there a wound was opened for which this earth had no balm. See another widow who for more than thirty years walks behind the spiritual coffin of her unhappy and wretched Augustine. Where was the pain of this woman? The seat of her pain and sorrow was her heart: it was this that made burst forth that torrent of burning tears which begot a saint to the Church.

See in Judea a woman falling at the feet of Jesus. . . . She does not speak one word! Why? Ah, that it were given to you to see the heart of Magdalen, you would see it bruised with grief, so bruised and broken that despite all the favors she received from above, her eyes will never cease to weep until they close to the light of this world.

Oh! the tears of the heart! the very paths upon which we tread are wet with them, like the meadows upon which the dew of heaven has fallen;—these are not alike burning hot, not alike noble, not alike holy, . . . but be they as they may, hot or cold, noble or low, holy or wicked, they are tears and they can only come forth from wounded hearts.

Now, what do all hearts that have been wounded seek? They seek a balm which the heart alone can distil. This balm is called compassion. But what will distil it? In the physical order there is not to be found the tree or plant that gives forth a balm for wounded hearts be the leaf ever so beautiful, be the flower ever so fragrant. Thus also in the moral order there is not to be found the heart that can give you the balm you demand, the balm of compassion. For consider what is the nature of compassion. It is the part that we take in the suffering of another. For a heart to be able to offer you the balm you desire, it must be able to show itself to you and to make you see that the arrow which has wounded you, has wounded it in like manner; and for this three things are necessary: to understand your suffering, to feel it itself, and above all to show you that it shares it with you. Where will you find these three conditions perfectly fulfilled and united

in one? In the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. It is in vain to seek them in a purely human heart, unless this heart be a perfect copy of the Divine Heart itself.

Indeed, when you suffer, how will a human heart understand your affliction? You say, I will make it known. . . . You are mistaken, it does not depend upon you to make others understand what you suffer. Suffering, above all, the suffering of the heart, has a character so specific, marks so individual, shades so delicate, that no human word can express them. And if you cannot make others understand your sufferings, how can they share them with you? It is true that he who sympathizes with you or who mingles his tears with yours, appears to understand you. But does this possibility of imitating suffering suffice to put human compassion above a most painful suspicion? Alas! If it is impossible for me to show my heart, such as it is, it will be by far more impossible for me to read the heart of others. And behold why, even when someone shows me all exterior marks of compassion, still I cannot say with certainty: There is one who suffers with me.

How different when I am in the presence of the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! Here I need not even speak to be understood, I need only to present myself. The infinitely piercing look of Jesus penetrates every fold and turn of my soul. Its most secret sigh He understands; He analyses its slightest movement. No, the Divine Heart is not a stranger to my pain. . . . All that we can suffer in this life, Jesus has suffered before us. Suffering in this world is the fruit of sin: and has not the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, before making Himself our Guest in the tabernacles, offered Himself a Victim for the expiation of our sin? . . . From the cenacle to the Mount of Calvary Jesus has wished to drink, even to the dregs, the chalice of pain and suffering which the justice of God prepared for fallen humanity. All pain that crosses through our hearts has first passed through the Heart of Jesus. . . . In the presence of this Heart every doubt disappears; not the slightest doubt can even lightly touch my soul, that here I may not find the compassion that I need. How have any doubt regarding Him, Who in disclosing His transpierced Heart, surrounded with thorns, surmounted with the cross, all laden with the emblems of suffering, cried out to me: "Come to me you who suffer and I will console you"; Oh! no, in God sham

and lying are not possible; the words that He addresses to me are true and He speaks them from every place where He dwells. His Eucharistic Heart has found in His love a means of being always near to them who suffer; for, by the most adorable of divine inventions, the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, raised on high in the highest heavens, can everywhere dwell in the Blessed Sacrament near to suffering man, near to me. I can be consoled if I wish to be. Here I am certain of finding the rest my heart craves in the struggle with suffering. Here I can drink of that inexhaustible fountain whose waters are constantly flowing in order to give new courage and life to my afflicted heart.

II. AN ABYSS OF WEAKNESS CALLETH UPON AN ABYSS OF STRENGTH.

The heart of man is not only an abyss of suffering. Alas! it has pleased God to allow sin to leave us another heritage besides that of suffering: for a sinful race suffering is an expiation and, therefore, a blessing. Sin has made of our hearts, not only an abyss of suffering, but also an abyss of weakness. O God! how deep is the abyss of weakness of the human heart! To sound the depths of this abyss, it is absolutely necessary to know the nature of the weakness of the heart. When do we say that some organ or some faculty is weak? Evidently then, when these can no longer perform with ease and energy their principal and proper functions. Thus, an eye is weak when it can no longer distinguish objects with ordinary precision. The lungs are weak when the breathing is slow and difficult. The mind is weak when its reasonings are not only very slow, but generally incorrect.

Now the heart also has its weaknesses. To understand what these may be, we must first understand what is the proper function of the heart, considered in the moral order. We ask for the proper function in the moral order, for we are not speaking here of physical weakness. The proper function of the heart in this sense is to experience in the presence of the beautiful a feeling of complacency so vivid and so strong as forcibly to draw the whole man towards the object that has captivated the heart.

This feeling of irresistible complacency we call love.

A heart will, consequently, be strong or weak according to the greater or less energy of its love. This having been admitted, in order to measure the whole depth of our weakness let us propose the following question: What is beauty? A sage has answered: beauty is the splendor of truth, and truth is God!

Collect, then, all that you can find of moral and physical beauty,—and will you have beauty? Have not all these been created? And if they have been created, do they not cry out to us: "Let not your heart be captivated by us; mount higher, excelsior, mount higher, the beauty you admire in us is only a reflection of that of our Creator!"

It is, then, face to face with this infinite beauty of God that we must place the heart of man; and placed there, what does the heart perceive? Alas, the heart of many a one perceives nothing. Others experience some movement of complaisance, but the movement is so feeble, that far from captivating the heart of man, it dies at the very threshold. But to the honor of our race be it known that there are those in whom this movement of heart is so powerful that it wholly transports them and allows them no rest until they can repose in that beauty which the soul has found.

To which class do our hearts belong? Are we of the number of those who, enraptured with God, love Him above all things and love all things only in Him? Or are we of the number of those who, too feeble to resist the material attractions of creatures, have not the strength to raise themselves to the love of the Divine Beauty? If we are of the latter, our hearts are weak; a remedy must be found to cure this weakness. But where find this? Nowhere will a more efficacious remedy be found than in the constant and faithful practice of the devotion to the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

And, in truth, when we look upon the burning heart of Jesus, have we not before our very eyes a material apparition of the love of God for us? Ah, I understand that our weak spirit cannot raise itself to the contemplation of the immaterial beauty of God. . . . I understand that the spiritual attributes of this infinite Beauty do not appear with a splendor sufficient to ravish our hearts. But if we are not capable of loving God because He is beautiful, will we not love Him because He is good? at the very least because He is so good to us?

And what does the apparition of the Sacred Heart of Jesus tell us? What signify those flames that surround the Sacred Heart? What signify the thorns that envelop it? What is the meaning of the cross that surmounts it? What is the sacred and the deep meaning of the wound that transpierces it? Are they not as so many voices crying out to us: Behold how God loved the world? And what heart can remain untouched at the sight of such love?

If the Son of God had become incarnate only for one of us in particular, if he had allowed Himself to be crucified to deliver that one from evil, would that favored one remain insensible? Would he not render love for love? Now, what does the Eucharistic Heart proclaim? Does it not assure us that the Son of God was so tenderly devoted not only to one of us, but to each one of us, as to extend this devotedness to all those who are dear to us: to our mother, to our father, to our brothers, to our sisters, to our friends? Have we not the proof for this in the adorable Sacrament of the altar in which Jesus immolates Himself in the presence of all who wish it and for all who wish it. In this Sacrament He gives Himself to each and every soul and says to her: it is for you that I have suffered, it is to dwell with you and to give myself to you that I have instituted both the sacrament and the sacrifice of the altar. Oh, what love! What thanks ought we not to render to the Eucharistic Heart of Jesus, to this Heart which by an act of supreme love has given us the Most Blessed Sacrament, a living memorial of all the wonders of His love towards us all! No, natural selfishness cannot obscure Christian hearts to such an extent as to make them believe that the benefits of the Redemption and the Blessed Eucharist are less precious and less great because, in the immensity of His love, God was not content to grant these only to a few, but wished to grant them to every soul that desires them. No, no, if the abyss into which sin has cast us is deep, this does not justify us to find in the greater generosity on the part of the Saviour less reason for gratitude. If the soul is insensible to the divine beauty because she cannot see with sufficient clearness, it remains for her at least to be sensible to the goodness, the love which God has testified to her. Cannot this little sensibility, ought it not grow greater? Yes, let us place our cold and weak hearts before the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; the sight of this Heart, the contact with it, will enkindle ours. The spark will become a flame and the flame a conflagration. This love will purify our heart and once purified by the attraction of the goodness of God, it will become susceptible to the attraction of God's beauty. It will see God there where it did not see God at first, for it is written: "Blessed are the pure of heart for they shall see God." Then this heart will not stop on the road of love. Every

day it will discover new attractions in the Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament—for the Heart of Jesus is the Heart of God.

And now behold why you can call the Eucharistic Heart not only an abyss of compassion, but also an abyss of strength.

JOHN HECKER, C. Ss. R.

(To be continued.)

WAXEN WINGS

Holy aspirations and desires, we said, even though their object will never be attained, are very meritorious in the sight of God. Why? Because He glories in men of good will, just as He abominates a perverse heart and evil thoughts and desires. Secondly, because the habit of aspiring to virtue animates and encourages the soul to perform, at least, ordinary and easier good actions. But then, these must be true, resolute desires.

For little profit is derived from the fruitless desires of slothful souls, who always wish they were like the good people they know and admire, but never make one resolute effort to advance in virtue.

Of these Solomon says: "The sluggard willeth and willeth not" (Prov. XIII, 4); and again: "Desires kill the slothful" (Prov. XXI, 25). They wish they were as gentle as others, as generous, as sincere, as devout in Church, as frequent at the Sacraments, as kind, as faithful as those virtuous people whom they see around them. They see the advantages of virtue, and hence desire it; but, reflecting on the struggle with self and the efforts necessary to acquire it, they desire it not. So "she willeth it and willeth it not."

O, says such a one, if I had Mary So-and-So's gentleness, I could be kind to others; and if I had Jennie This-or-That's talents I would work hard; or if I had Clara What's-Her-Name's rich parents, how much I would gladly do for the poor and for the Church; or, I wish I had Lizzie Neighbor's nice prayerbook, how well I could pray; and so on. It is always I would wish, I would wish, I would wish; never, I will! And all the while she does not fulfil even her simplest obligations.

She never prays; seldom approaches the Sacraments; practises but little patience at home; spends every possible evening in doubtful

amusements—in a word, she daily commits wilful and deliberate faults, and never makes an honest effort to correct them.

Such useless desires expose the soul to great danger even of eternal ruin; they are waxen wings that melt in the heat of the daily struggle for heaven. "Desires kill the slothful."

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

LOYAL LUCY

"Hew! whistled Lucy Mirr as she closed the door of the little cottage behind her, and stood for a while, blowing into her hands to warm them, while she shook herself vigorously to remove the snow from her cap and from her shoulders.

"Hew! but this is cold! How lucky that I have this woolen muffler! It might be old and greenish, but it's warm. . . . Ha, ha!" she laughed, as she saw herself in the mirror, "the snow makes it look as white as Minnie Volk's ermine!"

Talking to herself in this way, with brisk gaiety begotten by the fresh morning breeze, she walked over toward the stove.

"Cold!" she said; and momentarily her chin dropped. You would almost have laughed—had it not been so pitiful—to see how suddenly the twinkle died in her eyes and the smile fled from her lips, as she ejaculated that word. "Cold! No breakfast ready! and in fifteen minutes I must be on my way to work!"

A tear peeped out of her eye and threatened to run down her cheek, and already a second one peeped over the head of the first. Poor girl! She was nineteen—but not a bit too strongly built; yet she possessed an indomitable spirit. Ever since she was fifteen she had been working to keep the little cottage which her mother loved, and to keep mother, who was always ailing. Yet, you could not have stopped Lucy's jolly laugh, you could not have worn out her seemingly endless patience, you could not have crushed her delightful determination to try and try again, with any difficulty.

But just this morning she had been looking forward to the best; for she had tried to be extraordinarily good. And see what came of it! No breakfast ready for her! She brushed away a tear—but slower than usually, and turned to the picture of the Sacred Heart. It was an old print, which mother had brought with her from her own home.

Her father's last dying look had been fixed upon it. And often Lucy stood there, just for this reason—Our Lord always seemed to speak to her from the picture: "I know. . . . I took him Myself. . . . But I am watching over you in his stead. . . . I have not forgotten you." But now, it was evident He had!

"Why," she said, "just this First Friday morning I went out despite the snowstorm and the bitter cold and knelt in the cold church for Mass and Communion. It seemed to me I never prayed better before—and now—Oh! I didn't expect this! No breakfast ready! and I must go down to work—to old, cranky Mrs. Bullen."

Again the tears threatened to come, but her eyes fell on the inscription beneath the picture: "Learn of Me".

"Why, yes," she thought; "I prayed that way this morning and promised to be so strong; now is the time to prove it. . . . And, by the way, I forgot all about mother! Well, if I'm not selfish! She always had breakfast waiting for me after Mass. . . . There must be something wrong with her."

"Lucy!" came a feeble call from the bedroom that opened on the clean but very plain front room; "Lucy, is that you?"

"Yes, mother," Lucy called back as she hurried to her mother's bedside. She was her old self again. "Dear me, mother, what's wrong with you? I went off to church this morning without looking after you; but you know its the First——"

"Yes, I remembered it was the First Friday; that's why I didn't call you. I thought your Mass and Communion would do more good than anything else—and you need something to keep up your spirits. I tried to get your breakfast ready, but I simply had to give up! My poor, loyal girl, I wish I could help you!"

"When you say that, mother, that helps me more than anything else! I'll get the doctor for you. But then I must be off to work; you know, if I didn't come Mrs. Bullen would discharge me, and then we'd have nothing, simply nothing——"

"Just go, Lucy; never mind the doctor; it costs too much and I shall be better in a little while."

"O yes, I will get him, mother; he must come. I'll work extra, if need be; I'll manage that alright. And on my way to work, I'll ask Mrs. Kester to drop in sometime and look after you a little bit. By supper time I'll be home again. You just rest yourself."

"Poor child!" said the mother sadly, "I am only a burden to you—you could get along so easily but for me."

Lucy would not stand for this. She put her finger on her mother's lips to command silence—while the gay old laugh came back to her lips, and the twinkle lit up her eyes like stars at night.

"Hisht! Don't talk that way; I *need* you. But now I must be off to work."

"Why, you've had no breakfast, child!"

"I'll eat it on the way, mother. A sandwich will be as good for breakfast as for dinner; and I'll send Mrs. Kester over to get something for you. . . . Now I'll make a little fire and then I must run!"

She danced out of the room, hastily built a warm fire in the stove, and packed up a sandwich for herself. Then she put on her woolen muffler once more, drawing it over her cap and round her neck and letting the flap fall gracefully over her shoulder. She glanced into the looking-glass, and you could see that she was satisfied with herself, as she lifted a few stray locks and fastened them gracefully under her cap. She could boast of no finery; but the brisk winter air was her rouge, the snow her ermine and a good heart shone out of her eyes like balmy sunshine. She picked up her sandwich and started out.

"Bye-bye!" she called once more to her mother. "Mrs. Kester will be here in a little while, I am sure. And you stay in bed till the doctor comes." It was a real delight to hear the ingenuous earnestness in her voice when she assumed motherly authority on occasions of this kind.

As Lucy stepped out into the street, the wild winter wind rushed round the corner of the cottage, smote her face and almost tore her cap and muffler off her head.

"Ho! ho!" she thought; "it's a blizzard! Well, thank God, I have gloves on; I'm ready." So with her chin up aggressively, and her gloved hands clenched, pressing the sandwich under her arm, she hurried across the street to ask Mrs. Kester to run over to mother during the morning. That good friend—the mother of a large family in comfortable circumstances—was always ready to do a favor for Lucy, whose winsome character she had learnt to prize.

"Little sonny," added Mrs. Kester to her assurance, "is sick today, too. But I can take him along with me while I help your mother."

"Sure, do," replied Lucy; mother likes him anyway. Thank you,

Mrs. Kester and God bless you for your goodness. . . . Gee, you know, I feel it today more than ever; for everything seems to be going wrong, even though it is the First Friday."

She was about to say that she had had no breakfast. Checking the thought, however, as an unworthy complaint, she said goodbye and hurried on her way. The air braced her up and it was not long before she stopped once more, at the doctor's office, and saw to it that he would call on her mother as soon as possible.

"Now, there's no time to lose, though," she reflected; "Mrs. Bullen will be in high dudgeon—but I don't care. I'll simply tell her how it happened." The thought of Mrs. Bullen seemed to quicken her hunger and sharpen her appetite, and she ate her sandwich with a will, as she trudged through the blinding snow.

"I'm glad its snowing," she smiled to herself; "no one will dare to peep out of the windows at me and see me eating my sandwich! I pity the poor people that haven't got sandwiches!"

Fifteen minutes later—a few minutes after due time—Lucy pushed open the big doors of "Bullen's Fair," the largest department store in the town of Milbury. Mr. Bullen was head of the firm, but Mrs. Bullen was manager. The girls especially were under her authority, and they felt it. She could easily be autocratic, since there were not too many opportunities for work in town. This kept wages low, and if anyone threatened to leave, she could easily manage to close the doors of other establishments against the rebels. Lucy hurried to her department, looking much like the old sage, Socrates, when he came home, every minute expecting Xantippe to pour over him a flood of angry words and a pitcher of water into the bargain. She felt something was coming. But what a relief! This morning the doughty manager was not waiting for her. Slipping off her winter cloak and cap, she donned her apron and set to work with more energy than ever. Her troubles and the blizzard wind seemed only to bring out all the stout-hearted qualities of her loyal nature. She began to hum to herself as she worked busily in arranging the crockery which was under her charge.

"Just look at these fruit dishes," she said to her neighbor, as she lifted the dainty dishes out of a box where they had lain hidden. "I'll put them out for show; they'll make people look!"

Alas, before the words were well out of her mouth, her arm struck against the counter and the delicate glass finery slipped from her fin-

gers. She tried to catch it—but only succeeded in adding to the calamity: she knocked two other dishes off the counter. She shrieked—actually shrieked with horror; her cry, however, was drowned in the crash of the broken treasures.

Like a buzzard—it was the only comparison Lucy could think of at the time—like a buzzard Mrs. Bullen swooped down on her. She was a woman not yet out of her forties; but her cantankerous nature, her frequent outbursts of anger, her suspiciousness, had all helped to wrinkle her features long before their time, and painted her hair an iron-gray and hardened her voice till it seemed incapable of expressing feeling.

"My God, girl, what did you do?" she cried, as she jerked and shook Lucy, who stood there with her hands hiding her face but unable to keep the tears from gushing out between her fingers: an image of despair. "Three vases—each worth two dollars! . . . That's what you get for your carelessness! And you were late this morning! That's the way you do! Out late at night, too lazy to get up in the morning, late for work, and then you come to work with your eyes half open and your head full of dance music! I heard you!"

"I have never been to a dance in all my life!" Lucy whimpered. All her courage was gone it seemed; and little wonder. For just as when a single dog breaks the stillness of the night all the dogs in the neighborhood set up a howl, so the awful accident woke the memory of all her other troubles.

"Don't get impertinent now!" the excited lady answered; "you'll pay for this, do you hear? Two dollars apiece! Three of them!"

"O Mrs. Mullen," said Lucy imploringly, "I've never yet cried before you, you know it; but this breaks all my courage. Will you let me off this time. It was pure accident, and I can't pay six dollars. I can't!"

"I'll take it out of your pay-envelope, then."

"O please, don't. . . . not this time!" begged the girl; "Only listen. . . . Mother is sick and there is no one but me . . . the doctor must——"

But the girl saw there was no use. With a hard, contemptuous look in her eye the woman had turned away, without waiting to hear the girl's story. Lucy knew, then, that this affair was settled: her pay envelope would be empty this week. Her mind went back again to her

morning's Communion: "You must have forgotten me today!" she said sadly.

However, there was no mending matters. She swept up the broken bits as well as she could. Their crackling and jingling slowly roused all her powers of resistance. "This is all there's to it!" she said to herself. "Working like this for six dollars a week and then to lose all, just while trying one's best to help the store! I can't stand it! I'll look for another place—but quietly—and perhaps—perhaps—well, O Mother in heaven," she finished softening, "help me."

Instead of going for her dinner, Lucy contented herself with another sandwich and then looked up the few places in town where she might find employment. They were willing to take her everywhere, it seemed, and at last she received an offer that she could hardly have expected. She took it without hesitation, promising to report the following Monday.

Her chin was up again and the aggressive smile in her face as she walked back to Bullen's Fair. She could have laughed in Mrs. Bullen's face when that lady bustled round time and again during the afternoon, as if she were swatting flies.

On the following day, Saturday, Mrs. Bullen handed the girl her pay envelope: it contained a receipted bill for six dollars—for the broken dishes. Lucy took it, saying:

"Thank you, madam; I don't intend to come back here any more; I've found work somewhere else."

A storm seemed to be brewing within Mrs. Bullen. Her eyes flashed lightning and in a moment she would have thundered her wrath, but Lucy left the storm in her rear and hurried out. The cold evening breeze of December was cheerier than the life she had been leading there. The stars, just beginning to sparkle in the sky, seemed to whisper cheerily of better days ahead. There was only one bitter thought: she had nothing to bring home to her mother except her empty pay-envelope. But she drove it away with a song as she crunched the snow under her feet. On reaching the little cottage, she went into her mother's room and for a while laid her head in silence on her mother's pillow. Her heart was heavy, with a heaviness, however, which somehow was just a hair's breadth from happiness. At last her feelings found vent.

"I've brought home nothing tonight. I broke some dishes at the

store and I had to pay for them. There was nothing left. But, it isn't all dark, mother; I have already found a much better place."

She had heard no footsteps while she spoke to her mother, and so had not seen Richard, Mrs. Kester's oldest boy, enter the room. For a moment this young man contemplated mother and daughter from the door, then he advanced quietly behind Lucy. Imagine her surprise when she suddenly felt two strong arms lifting her up.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Mirr, for disturbing you. But I had to come to see Miss Lucy. I have been watching her this long while; I have heard mother tell her story so often admiringly; and that when I saw her this morning eating her sandwich in the snowstorm, I determined I must have her—Loyal Lucy as mother calls her. I want a brave girl like that."

Lucy again put her head on the pillow beside her mother's and laughed, just like a child would laugh, without knowing exactly why. At length she grew serious:

"Mother," she said; "I think it wouldn't be right. We have nothing."

"Never mind," said the young man; "you have something that Rockefeller with all his billions couldn't buy for me—your loyalty—and bravery. Just give me that and I am your debtor—in fact I will be insolvent and you can commandeer everything for yourself and your mother."

A few months after, when summer scattered sunshine and flowers over the land, Lucy became Mrs. Richard Kester.

Years rolled by. Lucy's mother had died and was laid to rest. Her husband was asked by his firm to open a branch store in a neighboring city, and consequently, he moved thither with his wife and their three little children. One day Lucy walked into a department store to do some shopping. She often told her husband the story of her calamity which proved the beginning of her happiness and she would add that every time she passed the crockery department she thought she could hear the crash of those precious fruit dishes, and it would make her tremble lest Mrs. Bullen should pounce down on her once more. This day she passed again; but she had not gone far beyond it, when—was she dreaming, or was it true? a terrible clatter and the jingling of bits of chinaware rang through the store. Everybody looked up; clerks rushed to the scene of the accident; people crowded around curiously. A saleslady, evidently the unfortunate culprit, stood

there in the midst of the glittering fragments. Her head was bowed, her hands hid her face, while the manager, a gruff, stern business man, thundered at her.

Lucy seemed to see her own memorable day as in a dream. At first she wanted to turn away so as not to see some poor girl's shame. "Poor girl," she said half aloud, "I pity her if there is a Mrs. Bullen here." But thinking that she might be able to help, she, too, hastened to the scene of trouble. Just as she came near, the angry manager was saying:

"You'll pay for this or you'll work until you've paid for it. And then you might as well quit; you're too old and clumsy anyway. There are lots of younger and abler people waiting to take your place."

Lucy could not restrain herself; forgetful of the crowd, she stepped forward and touching the woman on the arm (for her hands still hid her face) she held out a bill to her, saying:

"Take this, my dear lady, and pay the man for his loss; and here's my address; come to see me as soon as you can."

The hands slipped from the lady's face; a look of happiness spread over it as when the sun breaks forcibly through the clouds even before the rain has ceased. She uttered some warm words of gratitude. Lucy, however, heard nothing. She was bewildered—for a moment riveted to the spot; then seeing that all eyes were turned curiously on her, she made her way quickly toward the door. Once more she looked back and tried to catch a glimpse of the woman.

"Can it be," she asked herself, "Mrs Bullen?" She could hardly wait till the next day. The lady called in the afternoon. As she walked into the room, the two women recognized each other. For a moment neither spoke—it was almost too strange to be true. Finally Mrs. Bullen said very humbly:

"It was God's punishment. I would be blind if I did not acknowledge it. It began with the loss of my husband and then of the business and my necessity to look for work. But I never dreamed that the last blow was yet to come! Could anything be clearer?"

"Never mind, Mrs. Bullen; God's finger is clear," Lucy answered, "but he evidently wants something from me, too. Will you stay with us and help me with the children and the housework? You are rather old to clerk in a store——"

And this was Loyal Lucy's revenge.

AUGUST ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

	Catholic Anecdotes	
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NOT WATERPROOF!

Ruskin often refers to the bad effect upon him of unpleasant weather. "It takes my little wits out of me woefully"; yet he never wrote anything brighter than his reasons for going to church when it rains. Among them are these:

"Because the Fourth Commandment does not except the rainy Lord's day. Because I may miss exactly the sermon or prayer I need. Because the rain did not keep me from the tea last Monday, nor the dinner last Wednesday, nor the ball game last Saturday, nor the store any day in the week. Because an example which cannot stand a little wetting is of little account. Because my faith should not be a matter of thermometers. Because the man who fears the rain will soon fear the cloud, and he who fears the day will soon fear the daylight itself as reason for neglecting the church."

Had Ruskin been a Catholic, how admirably he would have expressed his reasons for not missing Mass on Sundays! And what a devout adorer of the Blessed Sacrament he would have been! As it was, he used to express wonder how any Catholic could be indifferent to the beauties—only beauties to him—of the Church of the artists and architects, the poets and the saints.

THERE OUGHT TO BE MORE OF IT

The world would be a grand place indeed, were all to seek the good fortune they desire as did a certain little newsboy.

"Evening paper, sir," the little fellow of eight years was shouting to a gentleman who had just stepped from a car. The man stopped and searched for a nickel—when up comes another boy with a big bundle of papers.

"Please, sir," said the first newsboy, drawing back the paper he had been holding out to the man, "buy his paper."

"Why, I am dealing with you," said the gentleman in surprise.

"Well, sir, he hasn't sold one and I have. It always gives me luck to help a feller what ain't had a chance."

Who will say that the little fellow's philosophy was not of the right kind? We only need more of it in everyday life.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

GUILTY

A young man was being tried in a French court for murder. The young man was eighteen years old. He was found guilty of a most revolting crime. When his counsel—Mr. Appert—heard the sentence passed, he could not restrain himself. He rose and with great eloquence and just indignation declared:

"Gentlemen, my duty is most simple. The young man has been convicted—further defence is out of the question. Nevertheless I have one word to add. I see before me in this courtroom and I salute, the crucifix—the image of our dying Saviour. It is kept here in this courtroom, where the guilty are condemned. But why do you banish Him from the schools in which our children are educated? Why is the Crucified shown to the guilty and condemned for the first time, when he must bear the penalty of the law? Had you shown him the crucifix when he still sat in the school-bench, this disgrace, I am sure, would never have befallen him. Yes, gentlemen, I accuse you, you who spread infidelity and irreligion and then wonder why the people repay you with crime and sin. Condemn my client—you have the right to do it. But I accuse you—and that is my duty."

His burning words are a terrible indictment of godless schools.

A MOTHER'S EXAMPLE

A mother had been sick abed for many a week. One evening her little daughter—nine years old—stood at her bedside—her big, round eyes wistfully and wonderfully resting on mother's face. "Mother," she said, "people all say that you are so patient and cheerful."

"Why shouldn't I be so," was the mother's ready answer; "I see no reason for becoming impatient. Do you see the crucifix there, just opposite me? It teaches me that our dear Lord suffered unspeakably more for poor sinful men."

Within about half a year later mother had perfectly recovered so that she could attend to her household duties. Then her little daughter, the happiest and merriest of all, caught a severe cold and soon was

dangerously ill. Her sickness was wearisome and painful; but she bore it with angel-sweetness. One day an aunt came to visit her, when mother was present. Struck with wonder at the child's patience, the aunt said:

"How good and patient you are, dear child!"

"Why shouldn't a person be patient," said the little sufferer: "Our Lord suffered a great deal more than this for us, although he had never sinned."

The mother was almost taken off her feet by this answer. The child had used almost the very words she herself had used a few months ago. She thought to herself: What if I had spoken impatiently!

How far a little word and good example go!

NEXT?

Everybody in town knew Mr. H——. He was the owner of a brewery and had done so well that he laid aside a neat little sum on which he could live without worry or work. "We have no children," he used to say to his friends, "so wife and I are going to enjoy ourselves. We have not only money—but just look at us—we have splendid health to boot." Indeed they looked the picture of health.

One day the robust and strapping brewer attended the funeral of a neighbor. As he stood by the side of the grave watching them lower the coffin, he noticed just opposite to him a young man, thin and emaciated—evidently a victim of consumption. Mr. H—— nudged his neighbor and whispered to him.

"The poor scamp! It must have cost him a lot of trouble to drag his miserable, worn-out, shaky body out here. Most likely it will be the last time—next we'll be carrying him out here in a coffin."

They prayed for the deceased. Then the priest said an Our Father and a Hail Mary for the next to die. And they went home. Poor scamp—he has consumption! So thought Mr. H—— as they walked home.

And yet—"the next was Mr. H——," and the consumptive is living still. Three days after the above happening, Mr. H—— went to bed for his usual after-dinner nap. "Wake me at two," he said to his wife; "then we'll go for a spin in the auto, out to Carmon."

At two, she rapped—she pulled—she shook him—she looked closely

at him—he was dead! The strong, apparently powerful man was struck by apoplexy during his sleep.

At every funeral it might be well to reflect: who knows? I may be next to appear before God's judgment seat.

THE NEW HAND

St. Auxentius, afterwards Bishop, while still a layman was one day passing along a street in the shop quarters of Constantinople. The owner of one of these little shops was standing before his workshop, and loudly complained to a neighbor of his that he had no work and that if matters went on so he must soon give up. Day after day he spent much time in such complaints.

This day Auxentius heard him. What did he do? Without revealing his identity he approached the man, and asked him whether he would not take him as apprentice.

"My terms are easy," he said; "I do not want board nor do I ask a big wage—just three oboli (pennies) a day."

The keeper of the shop was somewhat surprised at this offer from a man so well dressed as Auxentius, but, liking his appearance, accepted his terms.

"But," he added, "just at present I have very little work, so there will not be much to do."

So Auxentius stepped into the workshop. It looked abandoned and neglected. He set it in order and then retiring to a corner, he prayed quietly to God.

It was not long before customers began to drop in to order work. Day by day more came, and at last it was so plentiful that the shopkeeper had to hire help.

When Auxentius saw this, he stopped coming to the shop. But the blessing his prayer had brought down remained upon it, and the lesson remained on the shopkeeper's heart: Prayer makes God our Assistant.

A merchant signed a generous check for the needy poor; a boy staid home to help his tired mother while his chums were kicking football on the vacant lot. Could we but see the balancing of the heavenly scales, we might be surprised to learn which weighed the heavier in the sight of God.

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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IT WILL RISE FROM THE ASHES

Thursday morning, October 5, saw the Christian Brothers' College, St. Louis, what it had been for many years past—a home of learning, a haven of virtue, peace, and prayer. Thursday noon found it a scene of grief, terror, and wild confusion—a blazing, tottering mass of ruins—the smouldering grave of six daring firemen, one watchman, one heroic attendant, and two venerable Brothers.

We know that nothing happens in the world around us without the direct permission of Almighty God—not a hair falls from our head, not a dying sparrow flutters to the ground, unless God will it. Why has God permitted this appalling disaster? Why has He allowed an institution that has done inestimable good to the Church and to society, to be destroyed? Why has He allowed this good work of Catholic education to be interrupted at a time when Catholic education is the crying need of the hour? We cannot answer: it is one of the mysteries of God's Providence that our tiny intellect cannot grasp. We can only say with holy Job: "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

We cannot explain the mystery, but one thing we know: Our Father in heaven loves us with an everlasting love. Whatever He does is for our best interests. He draws the greatest benefits out of what appear to be the saddest misfortunes. Therefore we know that this heavy cross is but the means of procuring some great good; we feel sure that this disaster which has been the occasion of so many acts of humble resignation to the Will of God on the part of the Brothers, and of such truly Christian charity on the part of the people, will be followed by a period of brilliant successes for the Brothers in the work of Catholic education far surpassing anything they have yet experienced.

Let us do what we can to hasten the realization of this happy augury. A meeting of the alumni of the college held October 5, raised for them the sum of \$18,200; a mass meeting of the St. Louis people held October 9, raised \$10,317. All friends of true education throughout the country will not delay in sending the contributions that will enable the Christian Brothers' College of St. Louis to rise from the ashes.

MR. WILSON'S CLOUD

"The chief cloud that is upon our domestic horizon," said Mr. Wilson in a recent speech at Long Branch, N. J., "is the unsatisfactory relations of Capital and Labor. . . . The business of government is to see that no other organization is as strong as itself—to see that no body or group of men, no matter what their private interest is, may come into competition with the authority of society. And the very difficult question which the American people are face to face with, and which they are going to settle, is this: How are we going to organize our participation as a partner in the disputes between Capital and Labor which interrupt the life of the nation?"

What Mr. Wilson's plans are, and what their efficacy in settling this difficult question, is an affair of politics and therefore foreign to the work of this magazine. But *your* duty, as a Christian, in the matter, dear reader, is directly within our scope. That you, as a Christian, have duties in what touches so nearly the peace and happiness of your one hundred million fellow citizens, is without doubt.

Legislation alone will never end the bitter struggle between Capital and Labor. We have ample proof of this in the recent legislation brought about by the threatened railway strike. Like all such legislation, it has exasperated both parties to the quarrel. Many of the representatives of Capital brand that legislation as an ignoble surrender to brute force. On the other hand many representatives of Labor repudiate it as an unwarranted infringement by the government on their right of free contract. Strikes, violence, and class hatred have increased instead of diminishing since that law was passed. We must look beyond legislation for a solution.

The solution of the difficulty is the solution given years ago by the great Leo in his Encyclical on Labor—true Christian charity between employers and employed. Here is your opportunity, here your duty. You are identified with one or other of the warring classes. Employers, cease to look upon those by whose labor you thrive, as so many machines; look upon them rather as human beings like yourself, your brothers in Jesus Christ, your future companions in the heavenly kingdom. Discard the aloofness that repels; meet and mingle with them in a spirit of equality and fraternity on the thousand fields where you and they have common interests and common aspirations. Workers,

give no place in your heart to hatred of the wealthy class. When you have wrongs, seek to right them by every just means. But do not judge that you are wronged until you have proofs sufficient to convince your reason, not merely to excite your passions. And even while striving to right your wrongs, take no unfair advantage of your employers or of your fellow citizens; keep always before your mind the law of Christ that bids you love your neighbor as yourself, forgive them that injure you, do good to them that persecute you.

Concentrated Capital is a mighty power. Organized Labor is a mighty power. All power is liable to abuse. The only lasting safeguard against abuse on the part of these two contending powers is for the individuals of whom each is composed to remember Christ's law of love. *You* are one of these individuals; remember that law, and *you* will be doing your share to dissipate "the chief cloud that is upon our domestic horizon."

OH, FOR A MISSIONARY!

The band of sectarians who are exploiting the credulity of their co-religionists to secure fat livings for the missionaries (?) sent to convert the Catholics of South and Central America are not content with the public exhibition of bigotry and ignorance which they gave at the Panama Congress. Mr. Inman, secretary of that convention, addressed the Convention of the Disciples of Christ in Des Moines, October 10th. His utterances are worthy of his office. For example:

"In practically every one of the great cities of South America the educated classes either have turned in violent opposition to the church of their fathers or have grown so indifferent that it has no influence on their lives." "Our neighbors are fast becoming without a religion." Fourteen of the twenty-seven states are without a missionary, he said. In Panama, he declared, there is only one missionary to preach in the native tongue to its 400,000 inhabitants. Great stretches of Argentina and Chili are unoccupied by missionaries.

All this he had the affrontery to say, ignoring the fact that hundreds of Catholic missionaries have given their labors and their lives for the spread of the Gospel in these very districts. The people of South and Central America know that there is only one real religion—the Catholic religion founded by Jesus Christ. Many of them may

be too sensual to practice it, but at least they will not be so foolish as to profess any other. Since the Panama Congress, Protestants have been warned more than once by enlivened ministers of their own creed to stay at home and try to convert the heathens of the United States. By preaching to the people of South and Central America, they are told, you may cause some of them to renounce Catholicity, but you will not succeed in making them embrace Protestantism.

INVITE GOD'S VENGEANCE

According to the daily press, representative Des Moines physicians and heads of State Institutes, in a meeting held Sept. 11th, went on record with the statement that the wealthy have found efficient methods of birth control and that it is the duty of the State to teach these methods to the poor who have not yet learned them. In other words, the wealthy have learned how to satisfy their passions and at the same time, by means of an unnatural sin crying to heaven for vengeance, to escape the burden of parenthood. Now they say that the State should hasten to make this abominable crime universal by teaching it also to the poor. With practically all the people outraging God and nature in the very heart of the home, and with the State itself standing sponsor for their wickedness, what more will be needed to bring down God's terrible vengeance upon people and State! Can they not learn a lesson from the punishments with which a just God has visited many another once happy nation!

THEIR DISTINCTIVE FUNCTION

A spirited controversy was stirred up by a recent letter contributed to *America* on "Graduates from Catholic Academies." Both parties to the dispute will undoubtedly give hearty assent to these wise words from the *Ave Maria*:

"Directresses of Catholic convents should not, we think, lose sight of the fact that their distinctive function in the educational world is not so much to equal or surpass secular institutions in the social and cultural acquirements of the pupils as to give to society young women whose characters have been moulded on religious lines and whose lives radiate that influence of the supernatural which is so lamentably wanting in the world around us."

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS

"What business have you Catholics to interfere in the management of public schools since you openly profess that you will not use them." We Catholics have an unquestionable right to take part in the management of public schools for the simple reason that our money as well as yours builds and supports them, and for the further reason that they are *public* schools. In these schools the vast majority of young Americans are receiving their training for life. Upon this training, therefore, depends the future of the country. The *public* is responsible for the nature of this training. We Catholics go to make up the public as well as you. Therefore we, as well as you, must, as a strict duty to our country, do all in our power to see that correct training is given to the millions of public school children who in a few short years will be guiding the destinies of this great nation for good or for evil. The fact that we prize the souls of our children so much that we will make the sacrifice of supporting private schools for them, because the public schools are not what they ought to be, does not take from us either the right or the duty of doing all that we can to improve the moral and intellectual tone of the public schools.

If you judge that the public parks are so badly mismanaged that they are not a fit place for your children to recreate themselves in and therefore you provide a garden for them out of your own private funds, that does not take from you the right and the duty, as a city voter, of trying to make the public parks what you conscientiously believe they should be.

IS YOUR FORTUNE MADE?

We met a business man lately, and asked him why so many promising young lads starting out in life make little headway. He answered: "Because they go at it as if it were a mere outing; and forget that this is the age of work." Here is a note from a well-known little book: "The majority of our wealthy men and great statesmen commenced their career as poor boys. It was only by means of diligence, thrift and perseverance that success crowned their efforts. Alexander T. Stewart, once a poor friendless boy, enjoyed, in the latter part of his life, an annual income of \$1,500,000. John Jacob Astor, once a simple farmer boy, left \$20,000,000 to his children. Stephen Girard, once a despised

cabin boy, made a fortune of \$9,000,000. Cornelius Vanderbilt began his career as a boatman, and later on presented the United States Government with a vessel worth \$4,000,000 and left his heirs \$90,000,000."

"The best and most appropriate coat of arms, the mark of true nobility for you my young friend, is a pair of shirt sleeves. This was the only coat of arms of Abraham Lincoln, who from a hard-working young man, rose gradually by dint of labor and exertion to be one of the best and ablest Presidents of our country."

RELEGATED TO THE BASEMENT

It is said that there is a provision on the Statute Books of the State of Wisconsin whereby all political parties are entitled to hold their platform conventions in the assembly hall of the State Capitol. When the Democratic delegates arrived in Madison this year, they found that said hall had been turned over to an organization that is working might and main to deprive Catholics of the liberty guaranteed to all American citizens by the Constitution. This organization, by some freak of irony, styles itself the Organization of the Guardians of Liberty. The Democratic delegates were kindly invited to hold their platform convention—in the basement.

Conceive if you can what a howl would be raised if a Catholic society, organized to rob Protestants of their rights of citizenship, were assigned to the assembly room of the Capitol, built by public money, while a political party having a strict right to that room, were relegated to the basement! The howl would be strictly legitimate. By the same token the Catholics have a right to register a determined protest against the State officials who have offered this uncalled-for insult. The best place to register this protest is at the polls. Such a protest would have the salutary effect of impressing upon the minds of those who love offices of honor and trust within the gift of the people, that Catholics know their rights and have the manhood to uphold them.

"I always forget my morning prayers." Ah, but you never forget your breakfast! Does it look as though you were obeying Our Saviour who said: "Be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat. . . . Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His glory, and all these things will be added unto you"?

Our Denver contemporary has a news item to the effect that some Sister of a local academy has gone to the Chicago University for a course in philosophy. We trust that there is a mistake here; for we can't see what a Sister would do at a secular University with a Sisters' College in Washington. It sounds like a joke for a Catholic to go in quest of philosophic lore to materialistic founts,—almost like attending a Y. M. C. A. meeting to learn catechism.—*Western Watchman*.

Lay persons attending non-Catholic universities very often lose their faith or have it so profusely watered that it can scarcely be recognized as the genuine article. Religious are not so essentially different from lay persons that they can attend these same universities without detriment to their souls.

The indispensable work for the community is the work of the wife and the mother. It is the most honorable work. It is literally and exactly the vital work—the work which, of course, must be done by the average woman, or the whole nation goes down with a crash.—*Theodore Roosevelt*.

But to do her duty as wife and mother demands a spirit of self-sacrifice that is daily waning in our pleasure-seeking land. Were it not for the unflinching stand of the Catholic Church on this very point, the average woman would not be doing her duty as wife and mother. And yet there are those who say that the Catholic Church is a menace to the nation.

Probably from 4,000 to 6,000 Catholic colleges were in existence in Mexico, where the rising generation were being taught their civic, moral, and religious duties; and their graduates were spreading over the country a social, intellectual, and scientific culture with a success which the official institutions never succeeded in reaching. All these establishments of virtue and learning have been demolished by the vandalism of the past four years. Their libraries and scientific laboratories, their museums, their works of art, and their educational equipment have been destroyed through the rapacity of the soldiers. Their professors have been imprisoned, robbed, or sent into exile, and their teaching absolutely forbidden.—*Rev. Gerardo Decorme, S. J.*

Yet ask your neighbor or my neighbor about education in Mexico and they will say: "The Catholic Church has kept the public in illiteracy and profoundest ignorance. The government has been forced to drive out priests and religious in order to open up the founts of learning to the downtrodden masses."

That is how they will answer. They will not be deliberately lying; they are convinced that this is the real state of affairs.

Yet Mexico is not a country in the heart of distant Africa. It is a sister republic; it borders upon our own land. This is the age of fast mails, telegraph, and telephone, when news can be learned so readily and spread so rapidly. How then can we account for this persistent

and universal misrepresentation of the true state of affairs in Mexico? Who is "the nigger in the wood pile"?

People exclaim against the Index, and yet, since August, 1914, all the nations of the world have been applying the principle of the Index. Their censorship extends not only to printed books, but even to letters. . . . The various governments fear that the books, magazines, and letters may contain something that will harm their interests; therefore they have established the censorship.

Now, the Church is an organization that is constantly waging war. The Church is more keenly interested in putting obstacles in the way of things that harm the soul than the nation is in putting obstacles in the way of things that harm the body. In times of war the nations establish censorship; since the Church is always at war, her censorship is perpetual. It is due to her motherly desire to keep her children from being harmed.

So you see that the time is gone by when any nation can criticize the Church for her Index Expurgatorius. All the nations are following the Church's example in establishing censorships. Their censorships go further than that of the Church; the Church makes it a moral prohibition, but the nations make it an official matter, a physical matter.

There certainly is nothing about the Index to support the absurd contention that the Church is opposed to modern literature. She is opposed to unclean literature. But the Church today, as in the ages past, fosters literature as she fosters all the arts.—*The Apostolic Delegate in the New York Times.*

A remarkably good and logical argument. Our Catholics would do well to keep it in stock for their non-Catholic neighbors when these latter come with stale objections against the Index of Forbidden Books. Nay, more, having this argument in stock, many of our Catholics would do well to turn it over in their minds from time to time for their own edification, especially if they belong to that class of enlightened (?) Catholics who "can't see any harm in reading those books", and who had to be admonished more than once by the authoritative voice of the Church before they could be brought to realize that the law of the Index, forbidding certain publications under pain of mortal sin, holds "even in America".

It may be hard to convince a healthy man that health is more important than wealth, but a sick man understands it.—*Atchison Globe.*

So too it is hard to convince a sinner that it profiteth nothing to gain the whole world and lose your own soul, but he will have all eternity to realize it.

If you want to train up a child in the way it should go, don't rely upon the legislature to help. The real training must be done by hand.—*Houston Post.*

If there is one being in the universe that absolutely will not fit into a ready-made mould, it is the child—the child, with its own particular character, with its own particular ideas and views, fears and aspirations, likes and dislikes. Almighty God, in creating this complex being,

the child, intended that it should have parents who would love it enough to study it and give it the training best suited to its particular needs. He made no provisions for the loving (?) parents who shirk their own duty, and therefore throw their child, raw material, into the great government educational machine, and after the allotted period of years, receive their "dear one" back, finished, labelled, and priced.

Women orators and politics, and the clever ones, women campaigners and organizers, and women voters, will lift the level of politics from the mire to the clean level of family discussion and family participation.—*Detroit Journal*.

If women will qualify as a "lifter" as per foregoing specifications, then we can't be speedy enough in inviting her into the arena of politics—nay, in handing her unlimited right of way in said arena. She will never find such another virgin field for "lifting". However, the very question that is torturing many otherwise charitable-minded persons is this: Will women show any more self-sacrificing devotion to duty than mere man when a ripe, luscious plum is dangling within easy reach? History says she didn't when there was question of an apple.

We used to yell about the sane Fourth. What we need now are sane Sundays, judging by the score or so of persons who get killed every Sunday in motor cars.—*Owosso Argus*.

Ninety per cent of these accidents could be avoided had these auto drivers learned the Christian lesson of self-restraint and regard for the rights of others. When these were not taught in the home and school, they will hardly be learned at the steering wheel of a Super-Six.

The trouble with Col. Roosevelt is that he never sees things quite normally. With him, a depression in the ground is always a canyon, and a two per cent incline is always a mountain.—*Grand Rapids News*.

What is surely lacking in the men who pretend to direct the trend of public thought among us, is a little more of the sane juridical spirit and a little less loud-mouthed sensationalism and windy vituperation. All healthy minds will hail the political leader with enough self-control to call a depression in the ground a depression in the ground and not a canyon. This much we can say without laying ourselves open to the charge of partisan politics.

"In the last few months I have seen and been out with 3,000 officers, and not once have I seen a man drunk. The army has cut out drinking, just as every business concern in the country has cut it out."—*Col. Hoover*.

	Catholic Events	
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Catholic literature has lost one of its ablest exponents in the death of Father Edmund Hill. He was the son of an Anglican minister, and studied at Cambridge. Later on he became a Catholic, and a member of the Passionist Order. He labored as a missionary in England and in both North and South America.

* * *

A no less loss to the Catholic cause was the death of Mr. Chas. Herbermann, the lay professor who has done so much hard, silent work for the Church. His greatest monument is the Catholic Encyclopedia, of which he was the editor-in-chief.

* * *

The Spanish Bishops have set aside one day every year as "Good Press Day." The first aim is to make known the necessity and the valuable advantages of a strong Catholic press. To this end, preachers on the day selected will preach on "The Apostolate of the Catholic Press, National and Diocesan." To this end all the collections taken up will be sent to the Bishop, who will use this money to help the "Good Press." Lastly, and above all, prayers will be offered up for the success of the "Good Press."

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A judge in the court of domestic relations, Chicago, has said: "Three out of four cases of domestic trouble which have come before me since I have been on this bench result from the neglect of husband and wife to attend any church services. . . . How can they expect to have any influence on their children's moral training if they themselves do not set the example in attending church?"

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An automobile accident on a Confirmation journey resulted in the death of Father Schuetz, Chancellor of the Peoria diocese, and injuries to the Bishop and Vicar General of the same diocese.

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J. K. Mullen of Denver will devote \$400,000 to the erection of a home for the aged under the care of the Little Sisters of the Poor. It will be built according to plans that he has spent years in maturing. One feature will be the erection of a number of small cottages where aged couples can continue their home life together.

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Right Rev. Philip McDevitt, for seventeen years Superintendent of Schools in the archdiocese of Philadelphia, was consecrated Bishop of Harrisburg, Sept. 21.

The Catholic University of Washington opened this year with the largest enrollment in its history. Its library now contains over 100,000 volumes, having received an accession of 10,000 volumes during the last year. It is said that the valuable library of the late Archbishop Spaulding was willed to the University.

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Archbishop Mundelein recently addressed and highly praised the Catholic Employment Bureau of Chicago, which now consists of 12,000 members. The Archbishop has likewise announced that a home for working girls will soon be in existence in the city under Catholic auspices.

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The seminary, where young men desiring to become priests in the Chicago diocese receive their preparatory education, opened this year with 135 new students. Since the Archbishop made his appeal last summer, over 100 scholarships of \$2,500 each have been founded or are in course of formation.

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A Christian Scientist was arrested and convicted in New York on the ground that "healing by prayer is unauthorized medical practice." Chief Justice Barrett overruled this decision, saying: "I deny the power of the legislature to make it a crime to treat diseases by prayer."

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The first request from the episcopate to the Portuguese government since the revolution was for the appointment of chaplains for the expeditionary force sent to help the Allies. It is thought that public opinion will force the concession.

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The first printing trades school under Catholic auspices in the country has been established at Cincinnati. It will hold night classes four times a week for boys between 14 and 20.

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We have come upon another example of the use to which the Missionaries (!) are putting the contributions of American Protestants. A little pamphlet is being spread broadcast among the Italian soldiers. It does not openly call itself Protestant or anti-Catholic, but in a sinister way attacks belief in the fundamental doctrines of Catholicism.

Holy Name rally in Philadelphia came up to the standard of former years by bringing out 40,000 marchers. On the same day 80,000 Holy Name men took part in the processions held in ten cities of the Newark diocese.

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The Episcopalians of the United States assembled in convention at St. Louis, Oct. 14, voted on a canon forbidding the remarriage of a divorced person during the lifetime of the other party. The clerical vote was strongly in favor of the canon, but the lay vote defeated it. So much good will was manifested by the Ministers, that one cannot but pity them. They see their church committed to a line of conduct which they believe forbidden by the Bible and ruinous to society. Yet they must submit because a majority of the lay deputies, many of whom know nothing of theology, vote against it. How these Ministers must feel the lack of a divinely authorized interpreter of Scripture to guide the church!

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An Italian priest in the army lost his life in an attempt to save a comrade from drowning; another received public recognition from his commanding officer for going out between the trenches in a shower of bullets to help the wounded; a seminarist received the cross of knighthood for conspicuous bravery. This is but the beginning of the long list of heroic deeds performed by those whom Italians once regarded, but since the war no longer regard, as cowards.

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Anti-Catholics of the A. P. A. breed have tried a new trick for bringing religion into politics. They distributed a forged list of candidates "endorsed by the Catholic Church." Bishop O'Dea came promptly to the rescue with a public exposure of the fraud, adding: "With the political action of individuals or of organizations, neither I nor the Church which I represent have anything to do."

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The "Laetare Medal," which the University of Notre Dame yearly confers upon some lay Catholic who has excelled in work for the benefit of religion and society, was this year given to Dr. James J. Walsh. The ceremony took place, not at the home of the recipient, as has been the custom hitherto, but at the University, as this is the year of diamond jubilee for that institution.

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Speakers at the National Conference of Catholic Charities urged the use of parochial school buildings and parish halls as social centres.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

On account of my work I am not able to attend an entire Mass on Sunday. However, I could remain in Church till after the Consecration. Am I obliged to go each Sunday? If not, would I have to go once a week on some other day if possible?

The law of the Church commands you to assist at an entire Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation. If you cannot fulfil the entire precept you must at least fulfil it as far as you can. Therefore, in the circumstances that you mention you are obliged to go to Mass on Sunday. The law of the Church does not oblige you to go to Mass on a week-day. However, if you appreciate at its true value the Holy Sacrifice, and realize what a rich source of graces it is, you will be eager to hear Mass even on week-days, and especially so since you cannot hear an entire Mass on Sunday.

A lady confined to her bed continuously told me she received Holy Communion twice a month after she has taken her breakfast. Does the Church allow this?

If the lady in question is unable to fast long enough to receive Holy Communion, she is allowed by the law of the Church to receive Holy Communion once or twice a month even though she has taken liquid food or medicine. But if she is not confined to her bed for a month, or if, though sick and confined to her bed, she is able to fast, then she is not allowed to receive Holy Communion after having broken her fast. Notice that if the breakfast of the lady in question has consisted of solid food, then she is not allowed to go to Holy Communion after such a breakfast. Of course, you know that in case of danger of death a person is allowed to receive Holy Communion by way of Viaticum even after having eaten solid food.

What indulgences are attached to the beads of the Seven Dolors?

1. Seven years and seven times forty days for each recitation. 2. One hundred days for each Our Father and each Hail Mary each time the entire rosary is recited. 3. Two hundred days for each Our Father and

Hail Mary if after confession or at least after the intention of going to confession the rosary be recited in a church of the Servite Fathers, or in any other place on Friday, on any day in Lent, on the feast of the Seven Dolors or during the Octave. 4. Two hundred years for those who recite the rosary after examination of conscience and Confession and prayer for the intentions of the Pope. 5. For those who have the pious habit of reciting this rosary at least four times a week, a plenary indulgence once a year on any day they please on which they pray the rosary after Confession and Communion. 6. Plenary indulgence once a month for those who recite the rosary every day for a month under the usual conditions of Confession, Communion, and prayer for the intentions of the Pope. 7. For those who carry the rosary of the Seven Dolors with them and frequently pray it, an indulgence of ten years every time after Confession and Communion that they either hear holy Mass, or assist at a sermon, or accompany the Blessed Sacrament to the sick, or reconcile enemies, or convert sinners, or recite seven Our Fathers and Hail Marys, or perform any corporal or spiritual work of mercy in honor of our Lord Jesus Christ, or of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or of any of their patron Saints. The faithful who have a Seven Dolor rosary blessed by a Servite Father can furthermore gain 8. one hundred years indulgence each time they pray the rosary after Confession or at least with the sincere intention of confessing; and, 9. one hundred and fifty years if they carry the rosary with them and recite it on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays and Holy Days, after Confession.

To gain the indulgences mentioned under 4, 5, and 9, it is necessary to pronounce and meditate on the principal sorrows of the Blessed Virgin during the life and death of her Divine Son. For the others such meditation is not necessary, provided the other conditions be fulfilled. Rosaries must be blessed by a Servite Father or by a

Priest having the special faculty of blessing these rosaries. To gain indulgences under 8 and 9 the rosary must be blessed by a Servite Father. While reciting the rosary you must hold it in your hand. The seven parts may be recited at different times, provided the whole rosary is said within one day.

How is it that St. Paul is called an apostle when he was not one of the twelve?

In a general way an apostle is one who is entrusted with some special mission, as an apostle of temperance, of preparedness. In a more special way it means one who has been sent to preach the Gospel, usually to some foreign country. Thus St. Francis Xavier is called the Apostle of the Indies, St. Peter Claver, the Apostle of the Negroes. In its most special sense, however, it designates one of the twelve disciples especially chosen by our Lord and instructed and delegated by Him and equipped with special powers and authority for the purpose of completing the foundations of the Church. While St. Paul was not chosen among the original twelve apostles, he was nevertheless miraculously converted and divinely appointed to preach the Gospel, especially to the Gentiles. Hence he, too, is called an apostle.

When, to gain an indulgence, we are told to pray for the intentions of the Pope, what prayers must we say?

If no special prayers are prescribed, you may say whatever prayers you please, but they must be vocal prayers, and they must be prayers that you are not already obliged to say for some other reason, v. g., as a penance received in confession. It is customary to recite five Our Fathers and Hail Mary's, and the theologians tell us these prayers are surely sufficient.

What was the Holy Roman Empire?

In the year 800, Pope Leo III, called Charles the Great, King of the Franks, to Rome and crowned him emperor. Some considered him to be the successor of the old Roman emperors. The idea of the Pope was that the emperor should protect Christendom against its enemies, defend the Holy See, the Church and her ministers, assist in the administration of the Church, act as guardian of the public peace and justice, and as peacemaker among Christian princes. The title of Roman Emperor was borne in turn by successors of Charlemagne and by

other kings, principally by kings of Germany, and at least in name the Holy Roman Empire lasted till 1806, when it was formally dissolved by Frances II of Austria. Many of these emperors fell far short of the ideal of Pope Leo, and Voltaire scoffingly remarks that the Holy Roman Empire was so called because it was not an empire and was not Roman and was not at all holy.

When a Catholic dines in a public restaurant or hotel or lunchroom, should he bless himself and say grace before he eats?

Of course we should never be ashamed of our religion. On the other hand we must not expose it to ridicule if we can help it. Since there is no obligation for you to bless yourself before eating, it would therefore be better not to bless yourself in public. But you can say your meal prayers to yourself without any one knowing thereof.

Can the Pope annul a marriage, legal and proper in every sense, and allow either or both parties to remarry while the other is alive? For instance, for the sake of political motives?

The Holy Father has broad and ample powers in many ways, but not for the most exalted political motives nor for any other reason whatsoever can he grant an absolute divorce to parties who are joined together in a valid and consummated marriage. Divorce is forbidden by the natural law in which the Pope has no power of dispensation. Sometimes the Pope pronounces in regard to the validity or invalidity of a marriage, but to declare a marriage invalid is not to proclaim a divorce between the parties. It is simply to declare that they never were married.

What is a "prince-bishop?" One sees the title prefixed to the names of some of the Bishops of Germany.

As the name indicates, a prince-bishop was one who exercised not only ecclesiastical authority as bishop over his diocese, but at the same time possessed some civil authority, as, for instance, the right to hold temporal sovereignty or the right to be considered a peer of the realm, and so sit in the parliament or council of the nation. Such bishops were frequent during the Middle Ages. Liege was a prince-bishopric till the wars of Napoleon. The diocese of Olmütz in Austria is so still.

	Some Good Books	
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Voices of the Valley, by F. McKay, is a choice collection of quotations on the Christian virtues. The author has gathered these quotations not only from the writings of the Saints, but also from the works of ascetical writers of our own day. Devout souls will find this little book very interesting reading, and directors will find herein many a gem with which to adorn a conference. *Voices of the Valley* is published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Price, 75c.

When a Man's a Man, by Harold Bell Wright. Harold Wright has added another story to his rapidly growing list of books. It is a simple, clean, interesting, wholesome novel, the pages are crowded with thrilling incidents of a man's struggle to rise above effeminating influences of ease and wealth to make himself and prove himself a man. The hero wins the reader's attention in the opening chapter and the interest culminates in the supreme test of his life when, to endure it, a man must be a man. The characters are real, living men and women artistically drawn: The plot unfolds itself interestingly and unexpectedly. The book is published by The Book Supply Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.35.

Another novel touching on the social unrest of man is that of Maxwell Gray, *The World Mender*. It is the story of a dupe of Socialism who, as prosperity comes, weakens his strong opinions on the unequal distribution of wealth. The story of the struggle for his ambitions and his disillusionment are well presented, and will be found most interesting. This book is published by Appleton, price \$1.35.

Those who still harbor a love for dear Ireland will more than welcome *An Alphabet of Irish Saints*, published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. Each letter of the Irish alphabet has a Saint it stands for and a simple poem commemorates his life. Even to those who cannot read Irish it's relishing to see each English poem written in Irish below it. What joy will it give to Grandma's heart to decipher to Molly's son the sweet sounds of her own Gaelic? It is a paper bound book, but

considering the difficulty of printing the Irish type, is remarkably cheap at 40 cents.

A Short History of the Catholic Church: Wedewer-McSorly. Herder, St. Louis. This outline or compendium of Church History is an adaptation of the twelfth edition of Professor Herman Wedewer's "Grundriss der Kirchengeschichte." Numerous changes, however, were made and two chapters supplemented by Rev. Joseph McSorly, C. S. P., to render it serviceable for use in American schools. As a school book it deserves special commendation. It is concise and precise in its statements and its arrangement based on the best scientific methods. The sentence containing the leading thought of a logical paragraph is brought out in bold type so as to attract the eye and impress the mind of the student. Apart from its merit as a school book it may well be of service as a ready reference on any Catholic table and give to all who wish it a short, interesting account of the trials and the triumphs of Holy Church. Price, \$1.00.

The Development of Personality. By Brother Chrysostom, F. S. C. The title of this book may lead many of our readers to pass by it as not of interest to them. They can not be more mistaken. For those who are devoted to the education of youth it will present "A Phase of the Philosophy of Education" which they do not often enough consider and will prove to them that much is required over and above a normal school training. To parents, particularly thoughtful ones, it will prove the great advantage religion and sound morality add to an educator, and will make them more reliant on the teaching of Religious in our Catholic Schools. And should there be any who hesitate (in the face of overwhelming facts day by day presented to them) about the efficiency of the pedagogy of Catholic education, a careful reading of this volume would be a revelation. To all it presents a new and strong argument in favor of the Church's teaching on Education. It is published by John Jas. McKey, Philadelphia, and sells for the reasonable sum of \$1.25.

	Lucid Intervals	
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Preceptor—Where was the great Magna Charta signed?

Student—At the bottom.

"My man, where did you become such an expert swimmer?"

"My lady," responded our hero modestly, "I used to be a traffic cop in Venice."

Teacher—Now, Tommy, can you give me a sentence containing the word "gruesome"?

Tommy—Yes, sir. Father did not shave for a week, and grew some whiskers.

"Hey, waiter," said the fat man, "there's a button in this soup!"

"A button!" exclaimed the waiter. "Oh, yes, sir! We always make our soups out of dressed beef, sir."

"Some men uses big words," said Uncle Abe, "de same as a turkey spreads his tail feathers. Dey makes an elegant impression, but dey dor't reppersent no real meat."

Clarence Braman says that the oldest joke is the one about the man who passed a little country tavern, on the door of which was painted this sign: "*Wine and Bear Sold Here!*" The man looked at the sign and entered the tavern, and said to the tavern keeper: "Is that bear your own bruin?"

Next!

The Customer—Why don't you keep bunion plasters?

The Druggist—I'm afraid I'd be pinched for harboring footpads.

"I forgot myself and spoke angrily to my wife," remarked Mr. Meekton.

"Did she resent it?"

"For a moment. But Henrietta is a fairminded woman. After she thought it over she shook hands with me and congratulated me on my bravery."

"If anv man here," shouted the temperance speaker, "can name an honest business that has been helped by the saloon, I will spend the rest of my life working for the liquor people."

A man in the audience arose. "I consider my business an honest one," he said, "and it has undoubtedly been helped by the saloon."

"What is your business?" yelled the orator.

"I, sir," responded the man, "am an undertaker."

"Why do you always insist upon having the largest piece of pie, Harry?" asked the mother reprovingly. "Isn't your big brother entitled to it?"

"No'm," said Harry; "he was eatin' pie three years before I was born."

In a rural court the old squire had made a ruling so unfair that three young lawyers at once protested against such a miscarriage of justice. The squire immediately fined each of the lawyers \$5 for contempt of court.

There was silence, and then an older lawyer walked slowly to the front of the room and deposited a \$10 bill with the clerk. He then addressed the judge as follows:

"Your Honor, I wish to state that I have twice as much contempt for this court as any man in the room."

An elderly woman who was extremely stout was endeavoring to enter a street car when the conductor, noticing her difficulty, said to her:

"Try sideways, madam; try sideways."

The woman looked up breathlessly and said:

"That's all very well to say, but I ain't got no sideways!"

"If you saw twelve sparrows sitting in a tree, what would that prove?"

"Give it up. What would it prove?"

"It would prove that you are not blind."

Katherine and Margaret found themselves seated next to each other at a dinner-party and immediately became confidential.

"Molly told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her," whispered Margaret.

"Well," returned Margaret, "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."